THE

# Godly Man's LEGACY

To the *SAINTS* upon *EARTH*,

Exhibited

In the *LIFE* of that Great and Able Divine, and Painful Labourer in the Word,

Mr. *STEPHEN MARSHAL*,

Sometime Minister of the Gospel at *Finchingfield* in *ESSEX*.

Written by way of *Letter* to a Friend.

*Si populus vult decipi——*

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# THE Stationer TO THE READER.

*AT the close of this Letter (which you are here presented with) the Author has given a fair account of his Design in writing these Memorials, viz. in Charity to undeceive such well-meaning Persons as are still unhappily mis-led in the same way, and miserably gull'd and abused by the usual Artifice and Cunning of those grave Sinners, who will needs call themselves the* Saints, *the* People of God, *the* Secret Ones, *and take a Pride in many such fine* Names, *which in the Eyes of discerning men, look not much unlike curious Ornaments thrown over a foul and loathsome Carcase. But I have a farther thought in being assistant to this Publication, and that is, to*

*gratifie the* Leaders *themſelves; who (Good men) not content with the Kings Gracious Pardon, are now become ſo very bold, as not only to give ſome Commendations of what has been the Cauſe and Ground of all our late* Diſtractions; *but ſtifly to contend for it, and vigorouſly to endeavour the acting over the ſame* Tragedy, *and raiſing the ſame* Devil *again by the ſame Noiſe and Out-cryes, which they were taught to make uſe of in the memorable Year of* 41.

*Amongſt other Methods, the memory of thoſe pretious Perſons (as they love to call 'em) who were the grand Ring-Leaders in the late* Rebellion, *is recommended and endear'd to the People; and what can be leſs intended hereby, than that the People ſhould by this way be brought to entertain a good Opinion of their Practices, and be in a readineſs to be ſtirr'd up, whenever a fit and convenient Opportunity ſhall preſent it ſelf unto them.*

*Thus we have ſeen the Lives of ſeveral of theſe Seducers creep out of the Preſs, and every day expect to ſee more. When therefore it ſhall pleaſe them (by publiſhing his Life) to Canonize Mr.* Marſhall, *they are gratifi'd by being here furniſht with Materials towards that Great Work. And it were eaſie, and I ſhall be ready to do the like*

*kindneſs*

*kindneſs for thoſe which ſhall be writ hereafter, and for the new Editions of ſuch as are abroad already.*

*As to this, I ſhall aſſure thee,* Reader, *that (whileſt the aim of thoſe* Deſigners *is to allure thee with a Godly Varniſh, into a falſe Opinion of the Perſons and Practiſes of ſuch men) this Relation has no other end, but to keep thee from being cheated and beſool'd amongſt the Common Herd of Mankind.*

*If now what is here ſent abroad be either ill taken, or interpreted worſe, it is not to be lookt upon as a fault in the Author, but imputed rather to the diſtemper of ſuch, who are unwilling to be ſeverely and ſincerely dealt withall, tho' it be in order to their* Cure. *He has not here us'd any Arguments to diſſuade ſuch Guides as now-a-dayes profer themſelves almoſt in every Barn or Market-place; partly becauſe 'tis forreign to his purpoſe, and partly becauſe he is ſufficiently aſſured, that if Matters of Fact be weak and unable, Arguments (tho' never ſo good) will be of little force to prevail with them. For ſuch is the reſolv'd obſtinacy of the ordinary ſort of People, that the cleereſt Argument ſhall not convince, but rather confirm them in*

*their*

*their beloved Fooleries. And this is one of their greateſt unhappineſſes, that they take pleaſure in being abus'd; for if any one be ſo friendly, as to deal freely and plainly with them, and venture to give them good and ſound Advice, they preſently kick and fling, thinking themſelves injur'd by what is given out of pure love and kindueſs.*

Farewell.

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THE

# THE LIFE OF Mr. *STEPHEN MARSHAL*, &c.

*SIR*,

ALthough this is due to Humanity, that the Reputation of those that are dead should sleep in quiet with their Ashes: yet having the Influence of your Requests (which have always had with me the Efficacy of Commands) to awaken the Fame of him, who *Achan*-like for a Wedge of Gold hath troubled the Peace of that State; the Tranquility whereof he should have preserved with the greatest care and industry. I suppose what I write concerning this Man, will not amount to a Violation of that Law: Especially if we remember how severe an Observer, and how immodest a Publisher of other mens rather suppos'd than real Crimes, he himself has been. Why should the

the Failings of Loyal Subjects (both * *Eccleſiaſticks* and others) be ſhamefully divulg'd, and the black and horrid villanies of thoſe who ſtile themſelves *The Godly*, lye covered under the Cloak of Religion. Therefore as for the Fame of that Perſon, whoſe Actions you ſo importunately deſire ſhould be recorded for the undeceiving of ſuch as have been deluded by his Impoſture and Religious Jugling; I am willing and ready to preſent you with as exact an Account of it, as either mine own Knowledge and Obſervation of him, or the trueſt Information that I could obtain from others, will allow me. And tho' I am not able to give you ſo full and perfect a Relation of him (eſpecially in reference to our late unhappy Times, in which he was not a little buſie) as may be expected from ſuch an Undertaker; yet this I ſhall aſſure you, I ſhall not knowingly blot him with any Fiction, nor ſhall I need to make uſe of my Invention, ſince the baſeneſs of his Actions are ſufficient to render him, and that *Cauſe* which he undertook, odious to Poſterity.

* The grand Impoſtor. A malicious gloſs upon the Dying Speech of Arch-Biſhop *Laud*.

### *His Birth.*

And Firſt, concerning his Pedigree; which tho' it be obſcure, yet it is not altogether ſo hard to trace it, as to find out the Head of the River *Nile*. He was born (as I have been inform'd) at *Gorwanchester* near *Huntington*, his Father a Glover and very poor; yet the meanneſs of his Birth would have been no Reproach to him, if his own bad Life had not made him more infamous than his Original: For as the Glory

Glory of Anceſtors is a vain Boaſt in thoſe whoſe Actions degenerate from the Nobleneſs of their Family, ſo the mean Deſcent of thoſe whoſe Virtues have laid the Foundation of their own Honour, is no diſparagement; but where a baſe and ignoble Extraction, is ſeconded by a more baſe and infamous Life, it doubles the Ignominy. That this perſon has more diſgrac'd his Family, than their beggarly Condition, will notoriouſly appear in the following Character; which I dare aſſure you will find more Credit about *Finchingfield*, than in remoter places, where he was known only by the Fame of his *Preaching* and his *Paraſites*.

How his younger days were ſpent, I am not able to inform you, as they were more obſcure, ſo 'tis Charity to believe they were harmleſs; but having got ſo much *Grammar Learning* as his poverty and induſtry would attain to, he goes to *Cambridge*, to *Emanuel Colledge* (that Colledge that hath hatch'd too many ſuch Birds) which he rather viſited than continu'd in: For as I have heard, he left it without a *Degree*, or at moſt was but *Batchelour of Arts*, and for his firſt Preferment, was entertain'd in a Gentleman's Houſe in *Suffolk*.

Shortly after Mr. *Richard Rogers* Lecturer at *Wethersfield* deceaſes, and Mr. *Marſhall* is choſen his Succeſſor, where they purchaſe him a *Library* at the Coſt of *Fifty pounds*, and do many other very friendly Offices for him. He being ſenſible of their kindneſs, engages himſelf by a voluntary Promiſe never to leave them.



x in y title page of his Sermon at a Fast-day before y H. of Commons, Nov. 17. 1640) He is stiled. Batchelour of Divinity, Minister of Finchingfield in Essex

He had not long continued there, before Mr. *Pickering* (a Reverend and Learned Divine) Miniſter of *Finchingfield* dyeth. The Fatneſs of the Benefice help'd the Patron to Suitors enough; but amongſt all, our *Marſhall* was the Man whom his Affection made choice of, to beſtow his Preſentation upon; who having unluckily married himſelf to *Wethersfield*, knows not what courſe to take to ſue out a *Bill of Divorce*. The great Living (worth 200 *l. per annum*) is a ſtrong Temptation to the *Holy Man's* concupiſcible Appetite, (for tho' our new Saints talk much of Heaven, yet 'tis the Earth they moſt deſire to inherit) however *Wethersfield* holds him to his promiſe, *Never to leave them.* A little Aſſembly of Divines (as wiſe almoſt, and as honeſt as the great one) is call'd; 'tis there debated how far Mr. *Marſhall's* promiſe is obligatory. The *Caſuiſts* knowing his mind before, conclude, that it bound him, not to leave them for a *Leſſer Salary*; but left him at Liberty to take a *Bigger Living* when he could get it: and in very deed, there is no reaſon why any promiſe, tho' never ſo ſolemnly, ſo deliberately made, ſhould ſtand a perpetual *Palizado* to any Godly Man's Preferment. Well, however this Deciſion ſatisfies his *Corvan:* For he leaves *Wethersfield*, and away he goes to *Finchingfield*. This is the firſt noted eſſay that he gave of his *Fidelity* in keeping Promiſe.

Mr. *Marſhall's* Name is now up, and he may lie in Bed, which he cannot comfortably do without a Bedfellow, who ſeeks him, not taken with any Comli-

Comlineſs of his Perſon, but raviſh'd with the zealous delivery of his *Sermons*: For whatſoever good his Preaching does upon Mens Souls, it works mightily upon Womens Affections. A Gentlewoman of a conſiderable Fortune hears him, and concludes, that ſo warm a Preacher, could not chooſe but make as warm a Huſband; whereupon ſhe diſcovers her Meltings to ſome of the Siſter-hood: They glad to advance their *Ghoſtly Father*, preſently acquaint him with the Happineſs that gaped for him. He (a man never ſlow to do himſelf good) accoſts her, wooes her in the Language of *Canaan*, and at laſt wins her; *For a Caſtle is never hard to take, where the Gates ſtand open without a Centinel.* But her Friends unwilling ſhe ſhould match to nothing but a Stipend, (for I think he was not then removed from *Wetherſfield*) deny conſent, unleſs a Jointure can be made her. What ſhall the Good Man now do, who was never born to one Acre of Land? Great care is taken; Prayers are put up for the Succeſs of this Match; Endeavours are uſed; but the obſtinate Kindred are reſolv'd to have a Settlement of an Eſtate, or elſe no Match goes forward. And it ſhall be had rather than Mr. *Marſhall* ſhall loſe his rich Wife. One *Wiltſhire* (whom Mr. *Marſhall* was wont to call Father) will now ſhew, that it was not in vain, that he own'd him by that Title; and therefore ſettles an Eſtate of 30 or 40 *l. per annum* (as I have heard) upon him and her. This pretence of her Friend's unwillingneſs was by many ſuppos'd to be a Plot to get *Wiltſhir*'s Eſtate, who was thought to dote ſo much up-

on Mr. *Marſhall*, that he would do any thing to advance him. However it was wrought, he parts with it, and Mr. *Marſhall* enjoys his *Love*; but whether ſhe enjoy'd her *Love* is not altogether ſo certain: 'Tis a common Complaint, that the Devouteſt Preachers are not always the kindeſt Huſbands, nor does the reſt of their Converſation anſwer that Affection, that they make ſhew of in a Pulpit. *She finds it ſo.*

Truly the Woman, tho' ſhe was not of that politick reach, that ſome others are of, never wanted Ornaments of a meek and quiet Spirit; but her Simplicity, or ſomething elſe made her to be ſlighted, if not ſcorn'd by him: For after ſhe had made him a Father of one Son and ſix Daughters, he grows weary of her Bed. (I will not ſay to go to anothers; tho' to ſtop the the Mouths of People that began to mutter, he was forced to frequent a Siſters Houſe leſs than he had been obſerv'd uſually to do before) inſomuch that they ſeldom lay together. And it has been obſerv'd, that when he had been for many Weeks together abſent, and came into the Country to take his Tithes and freſh Air, he choſe rather to ſuck it in at Sculkins, than at the *Vicaridge*; and to ſupply the want of his Wife, her Company, he frequently read himſelf aſleep with a *Play-Book* or *Romance.*

To his Children he was (to give him his due) a very indulgent Father, and perhaps more indulgent than was allowable. The moſt of their Educa-

Education was going from one good Houſe to another, to eat *Cheeſ-cakes* and *Cuſtards*. They were like Gentlewomen in nothing beſides their Habits; and therein they exceeded perſons of good Degree and Quality. They followed the height of Faſhions with changeable *Taffata's*, and *Naked Necks*, inſomuch that the Godly Party were ſorely ſcandaliz'd at it; but durſt not complain, becauſe it was Mr. *Marſhall* who was concern'd. He gave them great Portions; and (as the *Hiſtory of Independency* ſaith) Married one of them with the *Book of Common Prayer*, and a *Ring*; and gave this for a reaſon, That the Statute eſtabliſhing that Liturgy was not yet repeal'd; and he was loth to have his Daughter *Whored*, and turn'd back upon him for want of a Legal Marriage: Nevertheleſs he could declare againſt the uſe of it by others. And ſo the *Jugler* plaid at faſt and looſe with the *Service-Book*, as he had done before with the People of *Wethersfield*.

We will view him next in his Paſtoral Relations; where (to ſpeak the Truth) he was for many years ſo well beloved of his People, that I think few Miniſters could boaſt of a greater happineſs in that kind: being not moroſe, but of a free and ſociable Humour in his Converſation, and in his Preaching very taking with a Country Auditory: For tho' in his Sermons penn'd, there was nothing extraordinary; yet he had ſuch a kind of Delivery, that he carried away the credit from all: beſides which I think theſe may be ſome cauſes of his Popularity. Firſt,

First, (till he began to meddle with *State Affairs*) he always preach'd *Catechistical Divinity*; (how happy had the man been, if he had never done otherwise?) and that in as plain and familiar Expressions as could be, that he might suit himself to the meanest Capacity, and gain the People, which was his great, if not his only aim and ambition.

Secondly, he had an art of commending every thing that he delivered, before he deliver'd it, as being most serious, and of highest Concernment to their Souls; which the people always took upon his Word. Yea, he would solemnly profess, that what he preach'd to them, he had experience of the work of it upon his own Soul, which conduced much both to the gaining of Credit to his Doctrine, and to himself.

Thirdly, Whenever he dismiss'd them, before he had finished the Text or point he was upon, 'twas his Custom to assure them, that the *best* was *still behind*, which was an invitation to come again and hear the *rest*.

Fourthly, He was acquainted with all the *Vulgar Proverbs*, and odd Country Phrases, and By-words which he would sprinkle up and down in his Sermon; which captivated the People at a strange rate.

Fifthly, He toward his latter end, insisted much upon Notional (which he call'd *Spiritual*) Divinity,

nity, and the many Privileges of the *Saints*; and ſeldom or never would meddle with particular *Sins* (unleſs it were the Sin of *MALIGNANCY*, or not promoting the *PARLIAMENT CAUSE*.) Yea, he has been heard to ſay, that he durſt not preach againſt their Vices, leſt they ſhould be ſcar'd from his Miniſtry; (this is much of the ſame Complexion with the *Jeſuite's* complying Divinity to gain Diſciples) but if he could make them in love with Jeſus Chriſt, they would ſoon grow weary of their Sins: As if any man before he knows the Evil of Sin, would ſee any need of Chriſt. *Oh wiſe Maſter Builder!*

Sixthly, He preach'd much abroad, and then had his Agents to give notice ten miles about, when he came to any Lecture; (this is the mode of all the *Patriarchs* of that Gang, by which they gather more Diſciples to themſelves than to Jeſus Chriſt.) When he had well heated himſelf with preaching (which was much to his honour) he had a Siſter or two (*No Nuns*) that waited upon him with Towels and a clean Shirt, which (after they had every where well wip'd him to prevent catching of cold) they put upon him with more Affection, than if it had been a Surplice. And having well refreſhed himſelf with ſome preparatory Caudle, he is ready for his Dinner.

Tho' the *Nonconformiſts* counted him theirs, yet all this while he was wary of hazarding his Benefice, by venturing in publick any thing againſt the

the Eſtabliſh't Government or Liturgy: Nay, he was as conformable as could be deſired, reading *Divine Service*, wearing the *Surplice*, receiving and adminiſtring the *Sacrament* kneeling, approving, commending, extolling *Epiſcopacy* and the *Liturgy*, obſerving all the *Holy-days* with more than ordinary Diligence, preaching upon moſt of them. This the man did, ſo long as he had any hopes of riſing that way: For that his Ambition was ſuch, I have great reaſon to believe, being aſſured by a worthy Perſon, that he was once an earneſt Suitor to the late unhappy Duke of *Buckingham* for a *Deanry*, which is the next ſtep to a *Biſhoprick*. The loſs of which (as the ſame Misfortune made *Arrius* turn Heretick) ſo it made him turn Schiſmatick. His Son-in-law *Nye* was heard to ſay, *That if they had but made his Father a Biſhop, before he had been too far engaged, it might have prevented all the War; and ſince he cannot riſe ſo high as a Biſhop, he will pull the Biſhops as low as himſelf; yea, if he can, lower than himſelf was at* Gormancheſter. Diſcontented Pride has made more Schiſmaticks than Conſcience; if this has ſlain its thouſands, that has kill'd its ten thouſands.

There wants not a Conſpiracy of many *Mediums* to aſſiſt him in this Deſign. Firſt, the too many diſcontented, and upon ſeveral occaſions) diſſatisfied Perſons in this Nation, every where ſpurring one the other on, to foment Troubles and Diſtractions. Then follow'd the *Scotiſh* Rebellion, breaking out firſt at Home, and preſent-

preſently advancing it ſelf into *England*; which afterward forc'd the Princely Martyr to call that Black Parliament which proved the Ruine of Him, of the Nation, and at laſt (by the juſt hand of Providence) of themſelves too.

During their Seſſion, an Aſſembly of Divines *is called, not choſen* by the Clergy according to Law, but ſelected by themſelves; amongſt theſe our Reverend *Marſhall* (by means of Friends) is preferr'd to be one: He quickly grows to be Maſter, and is ſo call'd by all (like the the old *Phariſee* he affected the Name of *Rabbi*;) they ſit, not to conſult for the Reformation of Religion in things that were amiſs, but to receive the Parliaments Commands to undo and innovate Religion. In which Work, or rather Drudgery of the Devil, (falſly ſtyl'd *The Cauſe*,) our active *Stephen* needs neither Whip nor Spur: Tooth and Nail he bends himſelf to the overthrow of the Hierarchy, Root and Branch. Thoſe few honeſt men that were choſen either abſenting themſelves (becauſe they would not be involv'd in their pernicious and heady Suffrages) or being thrown out by them, they do all their Wickedneſes *nemine contradicente*, till *Independency* began to check, and at laſt Mate-*Presbytery*. They aſſiſt to their Power, if not in Voting down the Biſhops, yet in keeping them down by their trepanning Covenant, (a *Scotiſh* Jig plaid and danc'd by the giddy Brethren in *England*.) In which I cannot but take notice of their baſe Hypocriſie, in ſuffering the major part of the Nati-

on (that bowed to that *Dagon*) to take it in the plain *Grammatical* Senſe of it; yet to ſtrengthen their Party, giving leave to ſome more precious and eminent perſons to take it in their own Senſe. This Falſity God doth judge and will judge.

To Countenance their Proceedings, they conſult with Foreign Divines of the *Presbyterian* Churches: as *Johanan* (*Jer.* 42.) and the reſt conſulted with *Jeremiah* concerning their going into *Ægypt*, reſolv'd to follow his Counſel, if it agreed with theirs, yet to go, tho' God and He ſaid nay; if the advice of thoſe Divines had ſeconded their Intentions (which they never queſtioned) they would have heard it, and the World ſhould have heard it. But yet they reſolved to take their own Courſe, tho' *Geneva* ſhould adviſe the contrary; as indeed they prudently did, and therefore they bury the Foreign Letters, till time brought them to light by a ſtrange Reſurrection. And that the Foreign Divines might trouble them no more with freſh Letters, they clap them in the Mouth with a Lye, that they intended no harm to regulate Epiſcopacy, but only to the Lordly and Tyrannical Regiment of it. Let their Actions be heard ſpeaking againſt them, they do not only uncover the Roof, and take down the Pyramids and Battlements of Epiſcopacy; but like the rough Sons of *Edom*, they raze it even to the Ground; and inſtead thereof, ſet up its Rival, the proud, ſwelling, domineering Faction of *Presbytery*; which Muſhroom-like, ſud-

ſuddenly ſprang up, and as ſuddenly diſappeared, or at beſt does truckle under its younger Brother *Independency*. Which our *Stephen* obſerving, (and as he could not be the *Protomartyr*, ſo he was reſolved not to be the *Deuteromartyr* of that Name) quickly diſowns his own ſweet Babe, and (with a little of honeſt *Ny*'s Aſſiſtance) puts himſelf into the thriving Sect of the *Independents*, bidding *New England* welcome into the *Old*.

And becauſe the Church could not be deſtroyed without the King, who was more firmly wedded to it, than Mr. *Marſhall* either to his Wife, or his firſt Living; the King and all who adhere to him and the Church muſt be deſtroyed with it: to whoſe Ruine Mr. *Marſhall* contributes not a little. Witneſs Thundrings in all Pulpits; his Curſing all people who were backward in their engaging againſt him; his encouraging all thoſe, whoſe Villany made them forward in the Undertaking that great Work, warranting them no ſmall Preferment in Heaven, if they would lay down their Lives for the *Cauſe*: Witneſs his Menaces, and private Incitations, becoming *Drum-major*, or *Chaplain-General* to the Army; praying from Regiment to Regiment at *Edge-hill*.

Witneſs his riding Poſt into *Scotland*, to treat with the *Scots*, in order to their coming into *England*; in which buſineſs he ſo demean'd himſelf with the *Kirk Party*, pawning his Soul, and his Brethrens here in *England* (for a leſs Pledge

would not be taken) in a wicked League for Conformities Sake, that the two Nations might be one in a Religious Conſpiracy; that they eſpouſe their Cauſe, and in it defend their own Guilt, by an Additional Conſpiracy with the *Engliſh* Rebels. This Journey, men ſay, was worth 500 *l.* to him; I believe more.

Witneſs his perſwading the City to lend the Parliament 50000 *l.* to pay their Souldiers, who were ready to mutiny in a ſeaſonable time: then perſwading the City to let the Army march through them, and poſſeſs the Tower. This he did to aſſure the *Independents*, that he is really theirs: So he is ſent down a Second time into *Scotlend*, to lye again for his Maſter's Profit; and thither goes *Balaam* again for love of the Wages of Unrighteouſneſs. But this Voyage was not ſo acceptable to the dear Brethren as the former, if all be true that I have heard, *viz.* that in a Storm it hail'd rotten Eggs upon his Head at *Edenburgh*: They being cunning Juglers themſelves, ſoon ſmelt a Cheat. Beſides it is ſuppoſed, that tho' he rode Poſt, ſome body had outſtript him with Letters, and acquainted the Kirk, that he was become a Changeling and Apoſtate from *Presbytery*, then which a greater Crime could not there be charged upon him. So he returns to the *Rump*, to tell them he loſt his Journey.

Having loſt his Credit too in *London*, and his Pariſh at St. *Margarets* growing cold in their Affe-

Affections to him, and his 300 *l. per annum* for preaching at the *Abby* failing, he returns to his old forſaken Love (I do not mean his Wife, but) *Finchingfield*; and there he finds neither the Welcome nor Reſpect that he was wont. His Slight-of them had taught them as little to eſteem him. They conſtrue his Retreat thither but a forc'd Putt, and ſay openly, that if he could have better'd his Maintenance any where elſe, he would have ſold them for two pence profit: and inſtead of ſending Tithes, when demanded, they ſend him Jeers and Frumps; rate him above what he could make of his Living, over-rule him, who was wont to over-rule all men. His high Stomach not brooking this Carriage, he grows weary there, and waits the next opportunity to be gone, which offers it ſelf thus:

The Lecturer of the great Church in *Ipſwich* dies. He is thither invited by the Town, with this *Proviſo*, if his Conſcience could relinquiſh his preſent *Cure:* A Scruple that troubled him not at all; for he had often ſear'd his Conſcience before with the ſame Iron. However, being a Man of an affected Gravity, and loth to do any thing lightly or paſſionately, he therefore pretends Reaſons to depart from *Finchingfield*; among which this was the chiefeſt: He found his Miniſtry ineffectual. Thoſe who were good of Old time were good ſtill; but in his late years teaching, he could not find any new Convert.

Truly the People had little reaſon (I confeſs) to credit him in any thing, who had ſo perfidiouſly betray'd their Souls, by leading them into Rebellion. But how knew he that none were converted? The Signs of Grace do not always preſently appear to the Convert himſelf, much leſs are they viſible to the view of others. Beſides, ſince God had forſaken his Miniſtry at *Finchingfield*, what aſſured hopes had he of doing good at *Ipſwich?* Yet *Balaam* Saddles his Aſs, and will go with the Men; but a few Idolizers of him, firſt petition him with a Scroll of hands to ſtay, thinking that horrible darkneſs muſt needs overſpread that *Horizon*, if ſo great a Luminary ſhould bid a final farewell to it. This will not do; *Baal* will not hear; next they petition God Almighty. A private Faſt is appointed to be kept at Mr. *Mede*'s in *Finchingfield*: Three Miniſters carry on the Work of the day. Mr. *Daniel Rogers* being the Oldeſt, begins the Devotions; but inſtead of ſupplicating for his Stay, he tells God Almighty a very foul Story of his Rambling. I cannot give you the very words, 'tis ſo long ſince they were ſpoken, and I heard them; but as I remember, they were to this purpoſe, *That Mr.* Marſhall *lov'd the Company of great Perſonages, that he had a gadding Humour, before he had left his Pariſh to go live at* London, *and follow the Camp, and would now be gone to* Ipſwich, *&c.* You ſhall not need to wonder at this: For it is verily believed by many, that there was never any Cordial Affection between theſe two Grand *Schiſmaticks*; one envying another's Popularity:

pularity: For they ſeldom met, but they hunch't at one another. Once a Diſh of Apples being brought before them, and the Company, as every one liked, preferring one Apple before another, Mr. *Rogers* ſaid he lov'd a *Living*. I think ſo, quoth Mr. *Marſhall*; for you are always whining for more. And you, ſays Mr *Rogers*, love a *Runnet*, for you can never keep at Home.

But to return from this Digreſſion, neither Petitions to Man, nor Prayers to God, will ſtay him: For he packs up his Tools, and is gone for *Ipſwich*, where he joys not long; for he is followed with Affliction upon Affliction: Indeed he had loſt his Eldeſt Son before, who was drown'd at *Hamburgh*, which was a great vexation to him, that his Name ſhould periſh. In a ſhort time, he buries three Daughters, and ſeveral Grand-Children, and laſt of all his Wife, whom he could beſt have ſpar'd; (ſome of his *Ipſwich* Neighbours were bold to interpret theſe Loſſes to be the puniſhment of his deſerting *Finchingfield*) ſoon after, himſelf was viſited with a Conſumption, which ended his Days at *London*. Of which afterwards:

His Religion ſtood moſt in Externals; a Jewiſh Obſervation of Sabbaths, Praying, Preaching (eſpecially according to the new mode) in Faſts, and Thankſgivings; under theſe ſpecious ſhews, the Miſtery of Iniquity lay hid. For to what end were their Faſts, but for Strife, and to ſmite with the Fiſt of Wickedneſs, and to break the

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the Strength and Heart of the King? And wherefore were their Thankſgivings, but for Succeſs in Rebellion? Whereas they had more reaſon to thank God for his Forbearance, that the Earth did not open, and ſwallow them up quick, as it once did their Fellow-Rebels. But this made a great Noiſe among the ſilly People, who ſaw no farther than a Man may look into a Mill-ſtone.

His Irreverence about Holy things was abominable, and hardly credible; when he baptized a Child in Private, to ſit in a Chair upon his Breech, while he adminiſtred that Sacrament. What Superſtition could equalize that Rudeneſs? Perhaps he thought the ſame poſture would as well become that Sacrament as the other: ſuch doings have brought both into Contempt. Indeed to him and his Brethren, we owe not only the loſs of our Government and Liturgy, but of the Sacraments themſelves: Baptiſm having been reſtrain'd, and the Lord's Supper in many places diſus'd. Mr. *Marſhall* himſelf having not had a Communion in *Finchingfield* for ſeven Years together, which is far worſe than Promiſcuous Communions.

That he was of all Clergy-men, the moſt miſchievous to his Sovereign, is without Controverſie, every where robbing him of the Hearts of his Subjects, creating Jealouſies in them, ſtirring them up to Arms and Contributions of Moneys, engaging all Perſons of Quality, whom he had any

any hopes to work upon: and when he found the man backward, he plays the Devil, tempts the Woman to betray her Huſband. He had always a ſtrong influence upon that Sex, and wrought that by their Importunity, which he could not effect by his own reaſon or perſwaſions. By this means he became a Murderer, a Murderer of thoſe Souls that he had ſeduc'd into Rebellion; a Murderer of thoſe Bodies which were ſlain by ſuch as he ſtirr'd up to the War; a Murderer of all ſuch as died by the Hands of the Royaliſts; a Murderer of his Prince, by taking away his good Name, by that means rendring him in the eſteem of his Subjects, unworthy to govern or live; and this he did not only by his Preaching and private Calumnies; but in thoſe abſurd, diſ-ingenuous, and malicious Animadverſions of his upon the Kings Letters taken at *Naſeby*; Letters ſo full of Modeſty, Ingenuity, Wiſdom and Piety, yet if he had not had the Heart of a --- very bad man, he would never have ſo malicioufly Commented upon them, and made them ſpeak contrary to their own *Grammatical* Senſe: Letters, that when Malice had done its worſt, and its religious Votaries had pick'd out of the Cabinet ſuch as they thought would beſt ſerve their turn (ſuppreſſing ſuch Papers as might have given all the World ſatisfaction of his Majeſties Love to his Subjects and the Proteſtant Religion,) and had diſcanted upon thoſe ſelect Papers; yet were ſo far from prejudicing his Majeſty, that they convinc'd thouſands of his Integrity, who were before doubtful. The worſt that could be laid to his Charge, was, that contrary

to former Reſolutions, he ſought help from Forreigners, forc'd thereunto by their implacable Violence. Beſides this, he is thought to have inſtigated them (who were forward enough) to the haſtening the King's Death. He has been heard to ſay, *That the King was too wiſe to be ſuffer'd to Rule. That he had as live ſee his own Death, as the King in his Throne.* His revengful Spirit could not forget that Affront (as he accounted it) which the King put upon him at *Holmby*; when being to ſay Grace for his Majeſty, while he was long in forming his Chaps (as his manner was) his Majeſty ſaid Grace for himſelf, and was fallen to his Meat, and had eaten up ſome part of his Dinner, before his Chaplain had ended his Bleſſing the Creature. The King then checking him, and ſaying, that he intended not to ſtay till his Meat was cold, whilſt he ſtood whiſtling for the Spirit: Which Check never went out of his Stomach till it rotted out. That well might one of his own Gang ſay, *He died in time, or elſe he might have taken a Turn with* Hugh Peters *at* Charing Croſs: of which his Arreſt at *Cambridge* was an unlucky *Omen*, which was a miſtake and no miſtake. I know, ſome affirm, that when the King was dead, he was much perplext, and repented of what he had done. For my part, I rather think them tranſient Pangs and Gripes of Conſcience, than true remorſe for his publick Sins.

Firſt, becauſe he never publickly recanted.

Secondly, he never labour'd to undeceive thoſe whom he had ſeduced.

Thirdly,

Thirdly, He ſtill joyned himſelf to his old wicked Company, even the King's Murderers.

Laſtly, He acted under the Grand Uſurper; was as harſh and ſevere as ever to the King's Party: for he was no leſs malicious to his Friends all along than to him; always oppoſing them, if they came to the Aſſembly for Examination, or after the Tryers at *White-hall*, (for he was one of thoſe *Spaniſh* Inquiſitors) pretending, forſooth, only Care to advance Godly and able men; and yet could prefer his Son-in-law *Nye*, to a Living of 400 *l.* a year, who never deſerv'd one of 40 *l.* I come now to deſcribe his Virtues.

His Charity in giving, was as little as his Charity in forgiving; never ſo much as beſtowing a penny, or piece of Bread at his Door the year throughout, tho' he had many poor Kindred, and ſome who lived not far from him; yet out of his abundance, never gave them the worth of Twelve pence, as themſelves have ſaid. Nay, (when he had the World flowing in upon him) he ſuffer'd his poor Father to beg about the Country; which ſhew'd he had neither Shame nor pity, nor yet any Natural Affection.

And tho' men ſay, the *Puritan* will not ſwear, but will lye damnably. This Impoſtor both ſwore and ly'd, having ſeveral times taken the Oaths of Allegiance, and Canonical Obedience, the Proteſtation, and his own Solemn League and Covenant; all which for the Glory of God, and undo-

ing this Nation, he as ſolemnly broke and perſwaded others to break: that if his Soul had not load enough of his own perſonal Perjuries, he might ſink it with the addition of other mens.

Having ſaid this, you ſhall not need to queſtion his Truth: For verily he was a man that would not deceive him who never truſted him. He is a Lyar in Print, of which there needs no other Proof than his own Preaching up of Rebellion for God's Cauſe, which is a Lye in Text; and what were all his Faſts and Thankſgivings, but Lyes in Hypocriſie, lying not only to men, but to the Holy Ghoſt? At the Funeral of Mr. *Borradel* Miniſter of *Bumſted* in *Eſſex*, he had this reach in his praiſe, *That upon his knowledge, he had wept a Buſhel* (that's a dry meaſure) *of Tears for the Sins of his People.* If ſo, how many Buſhels would the reſt that he was not privy to have amounted to? Sure Mr. *Borradel* had a very moiſt Brain, or Mr. *Marſhall* a ſlippery Tongue; for certainly without an *Hyperbole* of the largeſt ſize, this muſt be a loud one. A Lye not inferiour to this, was that, which he had at the Funeral of *Daniel Rogers* (where after he had made a Lying Face or two)

——*Manúque ſimul veluti Lachrymantia terſit*
*Lumina*——

For not one Tear came; he very gravely told the People (who were no Strangers to Mr. *Rogers*'s Infirmities) *He had Grace enough for ten Men, but not for himſelf: He was,* (as I told you) *at the Fight*

at

*at* Edge-hill (when he had better have been in his Pulpit at *Finchingfield*) *very ſore diſtreſs'd for perceiving his ſide to run, and hearing the* Cavaliers cry, *Have at the Black-Coats*, meaning himſelf and Mr. *Aſh*, when Mr. *Aſh* complainingly miſappli'd that Scripture to the Rebels which was ſpoken of the People of God, *What ſhall we ſay when* Iſrael *turns his back upon his Enemies*? He knew not what to do; at laſt (if he did not by himſelf) to ſave himſelf, he made uſe of his Couſin *Baſs's* Man's Device, who threw up his Cap, and cry'd, *Hey for King* Charles, *Hey for King* Charles, and under the Covert of that Lye, and the Dark, he got by Mid-night to *Warwick* Caſtle; But the Fright had ſuch an effect upon him, and made ſo deep an Impreſſion upon his Spirits, that ſome ſtuck not to ſay, that for the time he was beſide his Wits; which he no ſooner recover'd, but he comes into *Eſſex* to Lye (as a *Jack-an-apes* does Tricks) for his Maſter's Advantage. And here he tells the People ſtrange Stories of the Fight (but not a word how valiantly like *Peter* the Hermit he ran away) and that to his knowledge (tho' he was in too much haſte to tell the Slain) the King's Party loſt five to one of the Parliament; which in one ſenſe was true; becauſe one of the King's Party was worth five of them; elſe 'tis an untruth! For the even Scales of days Fight, was too ſad a preſage of that lingring which follow'd.

I am now enquiring after his Humility, if I could find it: I ſee him among his Leathern Doublets, and the makers of Leather and Doublets; theſe

theſe he loves by inſtinct: ſurely I have found it now. But while I judge him by this Company (whom he makes believe are precious to him) one whiſpers me in the Ear, and tells me that I take a wrong meaſure: For theſe poor Chriſtian's Backs are but Blocks to mount him high in the eſteem of the round World. He would have made an excellent Judge; for he was no Reſpecter of Perſons. If Knights, or Ladies, or Perſons of ever ſo good Condition, had come where he was ſitting, he would neither ſtir his Breech, nor his Cap; it was condeſcention enough to give them a gracious Nod with his Head; (for his ſtiff Neck did not often bend) which Carriage of his, made ſome of his own Party ſay in my hearing, *That they thought there was not a prouder Parſon upon Earth than Mr.* Marſhall. Mr *Symonds* will tell you enough of this, and how his Pride would not ſuffer any man to croſs his irrational Dictates; and how he treated that Holy and Reverend man the World knows. Tho' I have ſometimes heard, that his not anſwering Mr. *Symonds*, was becauſe he could not anſwer; and in ſuch caſes he was ſo wiſe as to hold his peace: For I remember, when he boaſted before Mr. *Fuller* of *Stebbing*, That he had brought Burial of the Dead out of Faſhion in his Town; Mr. *Fuller* told him, That their *Directory* gave leave to exhort at the Grave. His anſwer was, then may they have a Funeral Sermon who deſire it; but when the other reply'd, the Poor would complain, that the Rich ſhould have Chriſtian Burial, and they, becauſe Poor, be bury'd like Dogs. Mr. *Marſhall's* anſwer was *Mum.*

And

And tho' he was a ſevere Cenſurer of Biſhops and others of the Epiſcopal Clergy, for medling in Civil Affairs, as excentrick to their Calling; yet himſelf could make it his buſineſs (as well as *Nye*, *Peters*, &c.) for ſeven years together. And tho' he had been an earneſt promoter of the Kingdoms Good, as he was a diſturber of the publick peace, yet could he never be able to avoid the recoil of his own ſupercilious judging of others. Not that I think the Eccleſiaſtical Function neceſſarily deprives his Majeſty of the benefit he may have from the prudential abilities of Clergy-men; but I think it wretched impudence in him to charge that as a Crime upon them, who was doubly guilty himſelf. Firſt, In medling in the State. Secondly, In medling to do miſchief, and (which is no ſmall aggravation of his fault) in that he acted the Statiſt in the Pulpit; where, inſtead of promoting the Goſpel, he promoted Inſurrections. I know, ſome asking him, what Peace and Satisfaction he had in acting in Secular Affairs? His anſwer was (tho' not without Stomach to be asked ſuch a queſtion,) that he had always in his Eye the Glory of God; (of which God and the World too now judge) but if you had ask'd the Pope the ſame queſtion, he would have given you the like anſwer, *viz. In ordine ad Spiritualia.* Well, tho' this, and to be bold, two Livings be unpardonable Crimes in an Epiſcopal Divine, yet Mr. *Marſhall's* Godlineſs can qualifie him for both.

His not being ſcrupulous himſelf about State affairs, made him (perhaps) leſs ſolicitous about the Scruples of others in reference to the State. For when ſome of his Pariſh (and thoſe none of the mean-

meaneſt) deſired his Judgment concerning the taking the Engagement; he (*Prevaricator*-like) reaſon'd *pro* and *con*; but would not reſolve what was ſafe for them in point of Conſcience, nor what himſelf had practis'd: for he was loth the World ſhould know, that he had ſwallowed the Engagement, after he had taken the Covenant, which the Hangman hath now burnt.

He was eſteem'd a painful Preacher: Himſelf was wont to compute, from the time that he entred into the Miniſtry, to almoſt the end of his days, he had preach'd three times a week, ſetting thoſe weeks wherein he preach'd four times againſt thoſe wherein he had preach'd but twice. He preach'd indeed often, but not much; he had an art of ſpreading his Butter very thin; ſome men in one Sermon having more Pious and profitable Divinity (beſides Learning) than he uſually had in four. Beſides, as another allay to his painfulneſs, he often preach'd the ſame Sermon over and over again; himſelf has boaſted, that he preach'd one Sermon (I believe that was *Curſe ye Meroz*,) threeſcore times: Yea, many of his Sermons coſt him no more pains than the tranſcribing *verbatim*: And this I can aſſure you is no Slander.

As to his Learning (tho' he had little *Greek*, and no *Hebrew*,) yet he was competently furniſh'd with Abilities for a Paſtoral Charge in the Country, but no higher; of which himſelf was conſcious: And therefore would never accept any Univerſity Preferment (leſt he ſhould make himſelf ridiculous,) nor never Commenced *Doctor*: Indeed he took the Degree of Batchelor in Divinity *per ſaltum*; but it is ſaid his Tutor Dr. *Gaynons* made his Excellent Poſition,

Poſition, and that ſomebody elſe made, or help'd him to make his *Clerum*. His ſitting ſo long time in the Aſſembly had ſomewhat improv'd his Abilities; and therefore he was judg'd fit with Mr. *Vines* to be a diſputing Commiſſioner at *Uxbridge* in the point of Epiſcopacy. A point which they had canvaſs'd thred-bare in the Aſſembly. Indeed they did little elſe but beat down, and trample upon that Reverend and Apoſtolick Government (one Divine in a months time would have done as much as they did in ſeven years) and to the overthrow of which they had all of them contributed their ſeveral Mites, * which theſe two doughty Champions having budgetted up, carried with them to the Treaty. The Evening before they were to diſpute, theſe two *Eves-droppers* ſtole to the Chamber door of the oppoſite Doctors, where they over-heard them reading over their Arguments (this is Mr. *Marſhall*'s own Confeſſion, as well as his Boaſt) which when they had done, they ſate up all Night examining their reaſons, and preparing anſwers; of all which helps they had need, having to oppoſe ſo good a Cauſe, and ſuch able Defenders.

* An inſignificant *Directory*, fit to have accompanied the *Covenant*. They Epitomiz'd Biſhop *Uſher's Body of Divinity*, which they called their larger *Catechiſm*; and again epitomiz'd that Epitome, aboliſhing the ancient Church *Catechiſm*: hence ſo much ignorance in the Fundamentals of Religion, and the ill Conſequences of that.

And now you have heard of his Learning, take a caſt of his Wit: for he was venturous at that ſport. But firſt ſtop your Noſe, becauſe the Jeſts ſmell rank. Once this *Scoggin* requeſted a Lady, (whoſe name it is not fit to ſtain by making it here publick) that he might ſpeak his mind freely to her, which ſhe very innocently granting, the rude *Presbyter* ſpoke (like a *Pythoniſs*) from the hollow of his Belly, giving ſuch a buffe, as ſome Beaſt would do, that had newly eaten

green Tares. The ſame reply he is ſaid to have given another Gentlewoman, asking his Judgment concerning the Lord's Prayer. If the other was a clowniſh affront, this was unhallow'd prophaneneſs. And now my hand is in the Honey-pot, take another, (provided that you read not theſe upon a full Stomach) It once hapned that he took Phyſick in an Houſe which he much frequented, and at the ſame time the Miſtreſs of the Houſe alſo had taken a Purge; and having but one Eaſement, which ſtood conveniently between both their Chambers, the Gentlewoman had got poſſeſſion of it, when Mr. *Marſhall's* Phyſick began to wring and gripe, and deſire a Writ of Ejectment; he therefore calls to his Miſtreſs to make haſte, which her own need delaying, ſhe cries out for his patient ſtay; his retentive faculty being almoſt overcome, he tells her, if ſhe does not give way, he muſt diſcharge himſelf in her Lap; but this being a matter *ex officio*, out of modeſty I ſhall contract it with an *&c.* And now I have mentioned modeſty, it puts me in mind of a Sermon that I heard him preach at *Saffron Walden* about 15 or 16 years ago upon this Text, *Hoſea* 13. v. 12, 13. *The Iniquity of* Ephraim *is bound up, his ſin is hid; the ſorrows of a travailing woman ſhall come upon him, he is an unwiſe ſon, for he ſhould not ſtay long in the place of the breaking forth of Children.* Which Metaphor he did ſo plainly open, and ſo cloſely purſue, and ſo pertinently apply, that the modeſt Women hung down their Heads bluſhing: And ſome of them in my hearing, ſaid, they never heard ſuch a bawdy Sermon in their lives.

His wit was not without wealth; for by a kind of *Omnipotence*, he created to himſelf out of nothing an Eſtate (as it has been computed) worth 10000 *l.* and left it to his Children; which is more than one of the laſt Arch-Biſhops of *Canterbury*, out of his great Revenue had

had to bequeath to his Relations: Which his Siſter *Newman* took an occaſion to note, when at a Meeting, ſhe told a Lady, that the World was well amended with her Brother (who was preſent) ſince the time he and ſhe us'd to go a Gleaning together, when he would cudgel her Coat, if ſhe did not ply her buſineſs; and thus ſhe was even with him for ſaying before ſome Gentleman, that ſhe look'd like a Witch in a Play.

But to let theſe ſmall things paſs, and draw to a Period with my Subject: Honeſt *Stephen*, for all his Favour, Wit, Learning, Honour, Cunning, Wealth, muſt die, die of a Conſumption too, who had help'd to conſume ſo much of the Kingdom's Blood and Treaſure, and of the Churches Vitals and Beauty. His Sickneſs was long and tedious, which made him a very *Skeleton*, and ghaſtly ſpectacle before his Death. Some report, that like *Henderſon*, he died full of horrour and deſpair; they that ſpeak moſt ſparingly of him, ſay, he had not that aſſurance of his Salvation, that he expected to have had at his Death.

Death and Judgment are ſolemn things, and give a man a truer, and leſs flattering view of his actions, than covetous and ambitious Intereſts will let him ſee. I preſume not to judge his future Eſtate; to his own Maſter he ſtood or fell: his Conſcience being awakened, he might, and ſo others may find more truth and comfort in the firſt ſentence of our Liturgy (tho' they call it a Lye) than in all their thin notions of Divinity.

He was of a middle Stature, thick Shouldered, ſwarthy Complexion, his Eyes always rowling in his Head. when he talked with any man, he never look'd in his face, but caſt them this way and that way, which ſome interpreted as an argument of a jealous mind and ſuſpicious of Miſchief. His Deportment was clowniſh, like his Breeding; his Garb ſlovenly (ſometimes preaching without

without his Cloak;) his Gate ſhackling, and the Furniture within not unlike the outſide.

Now Sir, tho' I have exceeded the length of an Epiſtle, yet I am not conſcious to my ſelf, that I have any where exceeded the Truth; and now let the World judge, if there were not more ſcandal in this man's Life, than in eating *Sack* and *Cuſtard*, or in both *White*'s Legends put together. And do you *Presbyterians* judg, what an able Builder your Cauſe has had here in *England*; for it is not to leave an infamy upon this perſons name, that I have given you this copy of the man, but purely for your ſakes, who have been unhappily deluded by his ſeeming merit. I know ſome of you have diſcovered him to be another man than you firſt took him for; but the moſt of you are ignorant of his Private Carriage, and under-hand practices, and divers of you are ſo firmly wedded to your old Opinions, and which is worſe, ſtill juſtify thoſe ungodly means whereby you have maintain'd them. For God's ſake, let not the King's Pardon, which extends but to your Goods and Lives, be an occaſion to betray your Souls: There muſt paſs an Act of Indempnity in Heaven, before you can be ſecured; and this will never be without Repentance. Repent then, and let the World ſee that you are ſorry for, and ſenſible of your ſin; this will not be your Shame, but your Honour. That part of the Kirk of *Scotland* at *Aberdene*, have bury'd all their Infamy in their Ingenuous acknowledgment of their foul Miſcarriages. God Almighty accept and pardon them, and ſtir up you to do the like Penance in a white ſheet of Paper; which ſhall be the hearty deſire of your Friend, and more particularly, Worthy Sir, of him who is

*Yours humbly Devoted.*

FINIS.

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